

The Middletown Transcript

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 18

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS

1906 TIME TABLE 1906



The New
Clio

Cap't E. E. TRUAX,
WILL LEAVE

Odessa & Augustine Pier for Phila
AND RETURN FROM
Arch Street WHARF,
PHILADELPHIA,
AS FOLLOWS:

ODessa MAY PHILA
Thursday 5 5:30 p m Tuesday 1 11:30 a m
Monday 7 7:00 p m Friday 5 1:00 p m
Thursday 10 1:00 p m Tuesday 8 3:00 p m
Monday 12 3:00 p m Friday 10 5:00 p m
Wednesday 14 5:00 p m Tuesday 12 11:30 a m
Monday 21 7:00 p m Friday 18 1:00 p m
Thursday 24 8:30 p m Tuesday 22 4:00 p m
Wednesday 25 10:00 p m Friday 23 5:00 p m
Thursday 31 2:00 p m Tuesday 29 11:00 a m

Boat will leave Augustine Pier 1½ hours later than Odessa time. Comfortable accommodations for Passengers. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saloon and Private State-rooms.

FARE, 50 CENTS.
Grain, Fruit and Stock Freighted at Reasonable Rates.

Attention given to the Careful Handling and Prompt Delivery of all consignments.

For information in regard to Freight apply to

F. B. WATKINS, Manager,

Odessa, Delaware.

WILLIAM W. ROSE, Clerk.

PATENTS

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASNOW & CO.

The only form of food made from wheat that is all nutrient is the soda cracker, and yet—the only soda cracker of which this is really true is

Uneeda Biscuit

The only soda cracker scientifically baked.
The only soda cracker effectively protected.
The only soda cracker ever fresh, crisp and clean.
The only soda cracker good at all times.

5¢ In a dust tight, moisture proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO EVERYONE

Little Paragraphs That Will Interest Every Member of the Household

Cannon and small arms were introduced in 1390.

Although paper money is soft it is often hard to get.

Germany in 1905 consumed 5,000,000,000 pounds of meat.

It is possible in London to send a person by parcel post.

There are now 333 schools in Canada for Indians, who number 107,357.

The carpenter is again his master. He's a knocker that counts.

Seventy ships were completely wrecked along the German coasts last year and 356 were damaged.

About 6,000 stars are visible to the naked eye. The most powerful telescope reveals about fifty-six millions.

Yale is to have a chair of lumbering students, members of this class will be expected to do more than saw wood.

While it is interesting to hear that money is easier what we should like to know is whether the people who have it are "easier."

There are more than 2,000,000 negro Baptists in this country, with fifty institutions of learning and forty-five denominational papers.

He giveth twice who giveth quickly, but this is a case in which the quickest giving will seem all too slow. Better give more.

The people of Porto Rico have found that wearing shoes is a cure for the "lazy bug" disease. That is not always the case in town.

Schwartz invented gunpowder in 1528. But Roger Bacon, a thirteenth century alchemist, gave a receipt for it in a work of his in 1270.

Patent medicine manufacturer flourished in South Africa, where a medical call in the city costs \$5, while in the country the charges are almost prohibitive.

The city of Johannesburg, South Africa, prohibits all advertisements regarding liquor and gambling on a penalty of \$12, or two months' imprisonment. This law is enforced.

China's great wall was recently measured by an engineer, the height being given as eighteen feet. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of the foundation being of granite and the rest of the structure solid masonry.

There are now over 600 trust companies doing a banking business in the United States, with resources of more than \$2,500,000,000 and aggregate deposits amounting to nearly \$2,000,000,000, or nearly one-fifth of the total deposit of all the banking institution in the country.

A German scientist says the time will come when the supply of water will not be sufficient to support life on this earth.

A member of the New York legislature is trying to have a bill passed to require that all Chinese laundry checks shall be written in English. This reminds us of the fact that no legislature recently wrangled over the question of having doctors' prescriptions written in legible United States.

Of the more than 1,000,000 immigrants who came to this country in 1905, very few reached the newer regions of the West. According to the western railroad passenger association, which has made a report on the subject, over 317,000 of them dropped down in New York state, and 221,300 in Pennsylvania—about one-half the whole number stopping in those two states. Ohio numbered 51,000 and Illinois 79,000, but less than 20,000 seems to have gone beyond Illinois.

A fly salesman dropped in one of our young business men the other day, carrying his hand a finely polished oak cabinet. "I want to sell you a peach of a talking machine," he said. "Got one," replied the young business man. "What kind?" was the response. "The best kind on earth," was the response. "Where did you get it?" was the next question. "Married it, said y. p. m., and the salesman hiked off to look for a victim elsewhere.

The fellow who gets angry at you is pretty apt to say some unpleasant, cutting things; but if, instead of losing your own temper, you will listen to him calmly, he is almost certain to present among the complaints one or more faults that you had never before thought of, and that your friends hated to tell you about. Sometimes our loudest voiced enemy may prove to be our very best friend—just because he shows us our worst faults in their most unsavory light.

The beautiful is needed in our community life. We all have characters to build, strengthen and maintain. We need the beautiful. Dress and live as savages and we would soon become savages in action. The city or village to which beauty would be the abode of the sensual immoral and lawless. A community of taste and beauty must necessarily be composed of refined and cultured people, and true culture leads to high's morality. There are about our village many things that command it. There are things that are capable of improvement. Public sentiment will do much toward beautifying our dwelling, our streets and alleys. Neatness, taste and beauty will help us all. Our moral life would be higher and our social life

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It has been said, "talking life through and through," the larger part of sorrow and heart-ache it has known has not come through great sorrow, but through little needless hurts and unkindnesses, not so much through the ordering of Providence as through the misdeeds of humanity. Oh, the days that are spoiled by the smaller hurts! Spoiled because some body has a foolish, a wicked mood, an unreasonable prejudice that must be gratified and have its way no matter whose right, plans or hearts are hurt by it.

WASHINGTON LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 28th, 1906.

Secretary Metcalf's first report to the President on the situation in San Francisco seems to be an eminently sane and conservative statement of the situation.

Like the most official accounts of great disasters, it reduces the first excessive estimate of the deathroll. But it says that it is impossible to overstate the material loss involved. Secretary Metcalf in his report to the President says that he has finished the inspection of the entire burned district and that while it will never be possible to tell exactly the number of dead, as many of the bodies were destroyed in the ruins, he thinks 300 will cover the number. There are about 1,000 injured in the hospitals of the city but of these there are only a few who are seriously hurt. The administration of the city, he says is excellent, everything considered, and the police, the militia and the regulars have worked well together. He gives full credit to Gen. Greeley and Gen. Funston for the excellent work they have done and says that but for Gen. Funston's prompt and energetic measures, the catastrophe would have been infinitely worse.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

—BX—
T. S. FOURACRE.

LONG DISTANCE 'PHONE NO. 37.
Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter
MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 5, 1906.

NOT AN ORGAN

THE TRANSCRIPT is not, never has been under its present ownership, and has no desire to be the "organ for any ring or clique." The *Every Evening* tries to belittle our explanation of the increased expenditures in this district by the Levy Court, by crying that we are representing the so-called "Court House Ring." Even if we were, we would hardly consider it necessary to bolster up the acts of Messrs. Scott and Salmon, two of the Democratic members, but we try and treat every one fairly and when an official has done what we think is right and proper, even though we may have opposed him politically or otherwise, we can give him credit for what he has done.

As usual the *Every Evening* is unfair in its quotations. It says that THE TRANSCRIPT admits that it is not advised in the matter, and thereby attempts to create the impression that we are defending what we know nothing about. What we said was, that we are not advised as to the detailed expenditures of the several districts. For instance, the first three items in the (Report of the Committee to audit the County Accounts, under the heading of Sixth District, read:

Edward Adams, \$ 4.50
J. M. Armstrong, 156.50
John Armstrong, 12.00

What these payments were for, we do not know, nor can any one find out without going to the original bills on file in the Clerk of the Peace's office. But they have been acted upon and passed by the County Comptroller and the Levy Court, and we have to accept the statement that they are right and are for work done or material furnished for the roads and bridges of the Sixth District. But we do know, and so does every one in the Sixth District, that the roads and bridges are to-day in much better shape than they were when Commissioner Salmon assumed his office.

And we do not hesitate to repeat that the expenditures for the repair and improvement of the county's roads and bridges is of very small amount compared with other expenditures, incidental to the management of county affairs. It is the part which the people in the rural districts need and appreciate. They are brought into almost daily contact with this feature of control, and they are not kicking and will not kick over much larger expenditures if they are necessary and economically handled, for the purpose of improving our highways. It costs nearly as much each year in interest and redemption of bonds for the money wasted by Democratic mismanagement of the past as it does to keep the rural roads and bridges in repair.

FEDERAL COURT JURORS CHOSEN

In the United States Court Tuesday, Jury Commissioners J. Wilkins Couch and William G. Mahaffy drew the names of jurors to serve at the term of the federal court which begins on Tuesday next.

William—Howard Pyle, Thomas N. Stayton, William A. Mode, Henry M. Dodge, James Monaghan, Howard D. Ross, Eugene W. Sturith, William G. Mendenhall, Philip R. Clark, John J. Satterthwaite, Henry J. Hawkins, Albert Jaquet, Thomas Holt, Alfred Gauthorp, George S. Oliver.

Seaford Hundred—James T. O'Day, Thomas R. Harper, William E. Cannon, South Marderkill Hundred—Thomas T. Lacy, John W. Townsend.

St. George's Hundred—Samuel C. Vait, James R. Hoefcker, Hiram M. Pleasanton.

Kenton Hundred—Samuel Hutchinson, Baltimore Hundred—William A. Gun, Jr., George H. Townsend.

White Clay Creek Hundred—Henry L. Churchman, Joseph Dean, Georgetown Hundred—Jacoby T. Chipman.

Mispillion Hundred—E. B. Harrington.

Red Lion Hundred—Herbert T. Heisel, Pender Hundred—James M. Pennington.

Appoquinimink Hundred—D. B. Mayloney.

Indian River Hundred—Harry Preddyman.

Cedar Creek Hundred—J. Stanley Short.

Milford Hundred—John W. Caney.

NOTICE—REMOVAL

Dr. W. E. Barnard, Surgeon Dentist, has vacated the Anderson property, and removed his offices and residence to the property recently occupied by the late S. M. Reynolds, next door to the post office. Long Distance 'Phone, No. 57.

[Communicated.] FACTS TO BE CONSIDERED

We are interested in the coming election of two members of the Light and Water Commission. It is very important that every person entitled to vote should do so, and let the result be a vindication of the action of the present commission or a rebuke administered in a legal manner, and the result should be a rebuke. You may ask why? Because they have utterly ignored their fellow citizens in their use of water and light without paying for them. They pay up now, but did not until the communications published in THE TRANSCRIPT had stirred up public opinion until the temperature became too high for them, and they now throw a sop to the people by saying "we pay for water and light now." Too late, gentlemen, to hedge now, the damage is done and cannot be patched up without the scars showing.

That is not the only matter upon which their actions can be questioned. In the matter of coal and supplies, have they ever advertised for proposals on goods amounting to \$50 or more as their charter required? Is there a citizen who has not any such advertisement? And yet they have spent thousands of dollars, exclusive of wells, and another question, their last report shows an item of \$5000—notes unpaid, what does that mean? What right have they to issue notes? That is another violation of the charter, and again, why was this indefinitely over-ruled, hidden from even the Town Commissioners until this last report was rendered. We do not know yet what may be discovered if their affairs are probed into. Their actions and concealments have rendered us suspicious, their sleepless hours for proxies to keep in power, goes far to confirm suspicion, or possibly it may be that they have concluded to change their policy and have repented, and want to have a chance to show the people what they will do in the future. Ah, you know the lines: "When the devil is sick, the devil's monk would be; When the devil's got well, the devil's monk was he."

They will have to go; their days are numbered; the handwriting is on the wall. If they should be successful in the coming election, the fight will only have commenced; the truth and the right must and shall prevail, an aroused people will demand the abolition of the said commission, and it will be done. Gentlemen of the Light and Water department there is no uncertain sound in those words, there is a depth of feeling beneath the surface, that you fail to realize; it will burst out and you will be left to repent in sackcloth and ashes.

The people of Middletown trust you fully and never questioned your actions, and yet when asked a plain question publicly by a citizen over his signature you failed to answer him. Would it not have been only fair and manly to have said yes or no. If you had said yes you could not be censured any more than you are now for ignoring the question.

Another item in the report referred to the item of water in connection with the Olessa & Middletown Railway Co. This is an electric and gasoline road. I have not discovered that their motive power requires any water. What use has this company for water, and where could they use it to the amount named? Is that another "nigger in the woodpile?"

The intense anxiety to be re-elected, the still hunt for proxies which has been going on for some time, all combine to verify the suspicion that all is not right with them.

The Commissioners claim the \$5000 in notes to be paid is for the expense of new boiler, failure of back well, etc. How is it this sum was not reported before. They did not make any such statement one year ago. Why this secrecy; why was not the Town Commissioners to whom they applied for money to help them out informed of this indebtedness when incurred? They don't tell you how much they pay for coal, nor how much they use. They just lump their expenses and they thus cover up things that ought to be known. The public is entitled to an itemized statement of their accounts each year. They do not have to pay for the printing of the report, the tax-payer foots the bill, and he's the man who has the right to know where his money is going. There has been bad management of public interest.

Let every tax-payer vote next Monday for a change; let us have new blood in the Commission, and see what they can do towards lightening the burden now resting upon us.

We have over \$600,000 in the Light and Water plant. How much could you get for it if it was for sale? It is not worth that sum. They have just pledged the cost for next year. I cannot see where they make any allowance for wear and tear; there is always a shrinkage in that direction to be provided for—any business man or firm who does not watch that fact will fail. Let us have a change.

Citizen.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you kindly give space for me to say: I was creditably informed yesterday, by a gentleman (who is opposed to either free light, free water or free anything else that is to be paid for by the poor tax-payers of Middletown) that a gentleman (a friend) made the assertion that what we call the Reform Tickets for Light and Water Commissioners will be beaten next Monday by one thousand dollars (\$1,000) and stake the cash that he does not make good his assertion.

J. R. Horricken, May 4th, 1906.

LETTER TO REV. A. W. LIGHTBOURNE
Middletown Del.

Rev. Sir: Three churches in Baldwinsville, N. Y., have had their first lesson in Devoe.

Messrs. Osterhout & Lockwood painted the Presbyterian parsonage; estimated 30 gallons; took 22.

Messrs. Slingerland & Shutter painted the Episcopal church; estimated 40 gallons; took 28.

Same painters painted the Catholic church; estimated 50 gallons; took 39.

Of course, they estimated from what they had been using. The saving in paint and work is \$4 or \$5 a gallon.

Total saving on three jobs \$125 to \$150—the painting costs two or three times as much as the paint, you know.

Yours truly,
F. W. Devor & Co.

9 P. S.—J. F. McWhorter & Son sell our paint.

THE TRANSCRIPT, \$1.00 per year.

PORT PENN

Artie Dyer spent Saturday in Wilmington.

Albert Bender was in Wilmington one day last week.

Mrs. Joseph G. Roemer, of Mt. Pleasant, spent Wednesday with her parents.

Miss Bertha Reed was the guest of friends in Wilmington part of this week.

Messrs. Brainard Yearsley and C. P. Stidham, Jr., were visitors in New Castle Saturday.

H. J. Pollard, optician, will be at the Middletown Hotel, Saturday, May 12th, from 2 to 9.30 P. M.

William Gibson attended the funeral of Lee Gibson whose sad death occurred last week at Delaware City.

Miss Cornelius Kilpilk, of Philadelphia, is spending this week with her cousin, Mrs. C. P. Stidham.

Miss Hunter accompanied by her friend of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Yearsley.

Messrs. James Welsh and Louis Brechmer were entertained at the home of John H. Yearsley on Sunday.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Saturday last at the home of Mr. G. W. Duncan, when Miss Mabel Dyer became the wife of his son, Mr. George F. Duncan. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Harry Mitchell. The guests were numerous and the presents much admired. Everyone speaks of the enjoyment of the occasion.

WARRICK

Mrs. Wilson Merritt entertained Mrs. Lattonous on Monday.

Mrs. W. Ray Janinson, of Wilmington, is visiting her parents here.

John H. M. Garner has erected a windmill at his home on Main St.

Preaching to-morrow evening at 7.30 o'clock, Rev. F. S. Cain pastor.

Mrs. Agnes Aikin, of Middletown, Del., visited relatives here Sunday.

Miss A. Estella Marsh visited her sister, Mrs. Louis DeRake, in Sassafras last week.

Mrs. William L. Vinyard and son Jesse were in Wilmington during the past week.

Miss Mamie L. Merritt is very much improved at this writing, and able to eat.

Mr. D. W. Wilson, of Wilmington, was an over Sunday visitor at the Gillespie House.

Washington Camp, No. 8, P. O. S. of A., meets each Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Farmers are having a hard time to get their corn planted, owing to the hard ground.

Miss Koons has returned to her home after a short visit at the home Miss Bessie W. Gunkle.

Mr. Eccleton Marsh won a cash prize offered by the American Agriculture for the best essay.

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The young people of our town tendered the Rev. F. S. Cain and wife a surprise on Wednesday evening.

The Senior Christian Endeavor Society met at the home of Mr. Urn on the Weeks last Thursday evening.

T. Bayard Vinyard has the contract for painting the house of Miss Maggie Beans on tenanted by Mr. Charles Stephens.

ROLLS OF HONOR

The pupils of Warwick School have attained the following averages: Four Grade—Evelyn Vinyard, 100; Paul Marsh, 100; Eccleton Marsh, 99.3.

Seventh Grade—Estella Bishop, 99.2; Mary Tarbutton, 98.8; Jessie Vinyard, 96.5; Josephine Aikin, 96; Mamie Merritt, 95.2; Lydia Stearns, 95; Eula Vinyard, 94.8; Richard Tarbutton, 94.8; Clara Price, 93.4.

Sixth Grade—Lester Bishop, 98.4.

Fifth Grade—Mary Devine, 99.5; Howard Bishop, 98.5; Rodney Price, 98.5; Lily Devine, 98.3; Bertie Lynch, 98.3; Willie Pierce, 97.8; Hartley Thornton, 97.5; Arthur Lockerman, 97; Francis Marsh, 97; Guy Lockerman, 96.5; Joseph Carroll, 94.1; Willard Carroll, 94.

Fourth Grade—Margaret Marsh, 100; Alice Carroll, 99.2; Reba Thornton, 93.4; Russell Tarbutton, 92; Harry Smith, 91.4.

Third Grade—Jennie Bishop, 98.3; Josephine Garner, 98; Lealan Prior, 96.2; John Garner, 91.2.

ROLLS OF HONOR

The following pupils of Middletown public school have obtained the average of 90 per cent, or better for the month of April:

High School. Grade A.—Emily Aller, Nevada Aliards, Grade B.—Nellie Armstrong, Ada Scott, Lydia Dockett, Helen Shephard, Reece Darlington, Grade C.—Blanche Dekeyne, Mary Richards, Department No. 2, Class A—Lenora Davis, Elsie Bonlien, Fannie Clegg, Anna Shalcross, Helen Biggs, Class B.—Martha Voshell, Nellie Pyle, Estella Beaton, Lena Weber, Bertha Whitlock, Irving Roberts, Department No. 3, Class A.—Lois Carroll, Ruby Whitlock, Viola Weber, Class B.—Helen McDowell, Mand Taylor, Frank Richards, Department No. 4, Class A—Laura Connelley, Elizabeth Gibbs, Alexander Berkman, Delbert Gallagher, Burton Hall, Class B—Alice Bonlien, Lemont Jones, Frank Tyson, Osborne Banning, Albert Rhodes, Department No. 5, Class A.—Sarah Kates, Jessie Shepherd, Bessie Denney, Ethel Eliason, Cinderella Whitlock, Bruce Whitlock, George Minner, Class B.—Lela Pearce, Martha Pearce, Clara Gallagher, Erdine Fortner, Mildred Freeman, Esther Williams, Clarence Weber, John Kunapel, Charles Ritchie, Fred Baker.

Taylor's Bridge

The following pupils of Taylor's Bridge school deserve special mention for the month of April: Lillian Hoggins, Minnie Rothwell, Florence David, Mamie McClain, Lee Dekeyne, Ethel McClain, Mabel McClain, Albert Foraker, Myrtle Bennett.

Same painters painted the Catholic church; estimated 50 gallons; took 39.

Of course, they estimated from what they had been using. The saving in paint and work is \$4 or \$5 a gallon.

Total saving on three jobs \$125 to \$150—the painting costs two or three times as much as the paint, you know.

Yours truly,
F. W. Devor & Co.

9 P. S.—J. F. McWhorter & Son sell our paint.

THE TRANSCRIPT, \$1.00 per year.

THE CENTURY CLUB

The program at the Century Club last Tuesday included readings by Miss Julia Lockwood and Miss Louise McDowell and instrumental music by Mrs. Clara B. Green.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the coming year will be held next Tuesday afternoon.

The Club will be the guest of the Odessa Club next Monday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Frank B. Watkins.

The Delaware State Federation of Women's Clubs will be held in Seaford on May 10th and 11th. This will be the ninth annual meeting of the Federation. The delegates from here are Mrs. George Derrickson, Miss Agnes Cochran; alternates, Mrs. Charles Derrickson and Miss Dora Price. The President, Miss Marie T. Lockwood, and others will attend.

Messrs. Brainard Yearsley and C. P. Stidham, Jr., were visitors in New Castle Saturday.

H. J. Pollard, optician, will be at the Middletown Hotel, Saturday, May 12th, from 2 to 9.30 P. M.

William Gibson attended the funeral of Lee Gibson whose sad death occurred last week at Delaware City.

The Middletown Transcript

MAILS close as follows.

Going North—7:30 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m. and 9:30 p. m.; 4:15 p. m., and 9 p. m. For Odessa—7:30 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 4:30 p. m., and 6:30 p. m. For Warwick, Cecilton and Earville 9:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 5, 1906.

Local News

WANTED.—All sufferers afflicted with Neuralgia or Headache to try "Lee's Inventor's Relief"! 10 and 25 cents a bottle.

THOROUGHBRED EGGS FOR HATCHING.—White Wyandotte, Single Comb Black Minorca and Barred Plymouth Rocks.

EVERGREEN FARM,

Fresh Vegetables every day at

BANNING'S.

MONTGOMERY is now making his choice candies.

Why do you pay more, when Montgomery sells bananas at 12¢ per doz.

HORSE SHOEING.—Plain 75¢ cash. Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. C. GREEN.

Leave your laundry at Jones' Barber shop. The best of work and prompt service.

Don't miss that old fashioned chocolate for 2¢ per lb. at MONTGOMERY'S.

Good Eastern-grown seed potatoes at EVANS' FEED STORE.

After Oct. 1st the library hours will be as follows: Tuesdays from 3:30 to 5 P. M.; Saturdays from 3:30 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 8:30 P. M.

FOR SALE.—Pure Rose Comb Rhode Island Red Eggs. Apply to WALTER H. SHRIER, Warwick, Md.

House formerly occupied by John W. Jolls, deceased, for Rent. Possession March 25th, 1906. Apply to Joseph C. Jolls or John A. Jolls.

Full line of Garden Seed at

BANNING'S.

FOR SALE.—Single Comb White Leghorn Eggs for setting, 75 cents per 15, \$4.00 per 100. W. T. LUCAS.

Mt. Pleasant, Del.

WANTED—Several young ladies and gentlemen for traveling positions. Write or apply at once to.

L. A. DREKA,

Sassafras, Md.

WANTED—Bright, honest young man from Middletown to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service, Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

We are selling our entire stock of Ladies and Children's Shoes at Cost. G. W. PETERSON.

Pot flowers on land and order taken for all kinds. J. H. EMERSON.

Auction sale at Mrs. G. W. Peterson's to day from 2 to 5 and 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

NO CHARGE for looking at the beautiful flowers for yard and cemetery, now on sale at Mrs. E. S. Jones', Crawford street, Middletown, Del. "Phone 81.

The National Guard of the state will hold its annual encampment from July 21 to 23. The site will probably be Rehoboth.

H. J. Pollard optician, of Wilmington, will be at the parlors of the Middletown Hotel, Saturday, May 12th, from 2 to 9.

The Junior Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian Church cleared \$10.03 at their bazaar held last week in the vestibule of the church.

All of our W. B. Corsets reduced from \$10 to 79 cents. All other makes are being sold at cost.

Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

Strictly high-class dental service at moderate cost. Free examination and estimate. Dr. J. ALLEN JOHNSON, Main street, Middletown, formerly of Indianapolis.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Northrup Black Minorca, Wyckoff White Leghorns, Best blood in the world and heavy layers. Prices low.

W. E. BARNARD,

Middletown, Del.

MUSIC LESSONS.—I will give music lessons to a limited number of pupils on the piano or organ, at the residence of my father, E. E. Marsh, in Warwick, Md.

MISS ADA MASSA.

FOR SALE.—One pair of half-broken 3 year old mules DR. D. W. LEWIS, Middletown, Del.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—60 cents per dozen and \$4.00 per hundred from my winter laying strain of Single Comb Brown Leghorns. Send for my new circular.

T. E. Clayton,

Mt. Pleasant, Del.

Win. Anderson breeder of White and Barred Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns. Fishers, Bradley Brothers and Blanchard strains. Eggs 15 for 50¢, or \$3.00 for 100. Barred Rock and White Leghorn Pullets for Sale. Delaware City, Del.

If you are looking for the best general purpose chicken in this country buy a few settings of my Columbian Wyandotte eggs. I have the best strain of Columbians in America and will only offer a few settings for sale.

JOHN A. JOLLS,

Middletown, Del.

EGGS FOR THE FARMER AND FANCER.—Standard breed Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds, the best and most profitable bird for all purposes, excellent layers of brown eggs, and unsurpassed as market fowls. Write or call for prices.

C. P. COCHRAN,

Middletown, Del.

Mr. M. B. Burris has received a letter from his sister, Miss Molie F. Burris, who resides at Inverness, Cal., stating that her residence was completely demolished by the recent earthquake, but fortunately Miss Burris escaped uninjured. Her many friends in this section will be sorry to learn of the loss she sustained by having her home wrecked, yet she will be glad to know she was so fortunate to escape. Miss Burris will rebuild her home immediately.

The remains of Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Manlove, whose death took place at her residence, near Cecilton, Md., on Friday, April 27th, were brought to Middletown on Monday afternoon and interred in Forest Cemetery. Mrs. Manlove was a most estimable lady, and her death was a sad blow to all, especially her devoted husband and loving children. The services were conducted at the house and grave by Rev. W. F. Dawson.

Bananas 12¢ and 15¢ a dozen at MONTGOMERY'S.

The missionary meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held last evening at the home of the Secretary, Mrs. Edward Reynolds, on North Broad street.

Do not allow this great opportunity to buy new goods at unheard of prices pass by. Every article being offered at our store is a great bargain.

Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

Bishop Coleman will preach in St. Mary's Chapel, Townsend, at 3:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and will preach and confirm a class at St. Anne's, Middletown, at 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited to both services.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending April 26th: Miss C. H. Cochran, Mrs. Ida J. Daniels, Mrs. L. Johnson, Mrs. Martha J. West, Mr. Hardcastle, Jas. A. Nowland.

Mr. Harry S. Bascom and daughter Frances visited Wilmington relatives last week.

Mr. John J. Jolls and sister, Miss Lotte, spent Sunday with friends near Chesterville, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rees Parker and son Aiden were guests of relatives in Dover over Sunday.

Mrs. E. Nowland spent last week with her son, Robert T. Nowland and family in Philadelphia.

Mr. N. P. Cronch, of Wilmington, is spending sometime with her sister, Mrs. Joseph C. Jolls.

Mrs. Ella P. Cochran will spend sometime with her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Pool, near McDonough.

Mr. Harry C. Tatman, of Wilmington, was a guest at the home of his father on North Broad street this week.

Mrs. S. E. Houston and daughter, Miss Myrtle, have returned home after spending several months in Baltimore.

Miss Elizabeth Holton and Hattie R. Cullen were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Shapley in Smyrna, over Sunday.

Mrs. Carl Harrington and little son Carl, of Baltimore, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Cochran. Mr. Harrington spent Sunday here.

Mr. Robert B. Jones, who has been employed in Philadelphia for the past 13 years has returned to Middletown, and accepted a position with his brother, Mr. E. S. Jones.

The teachers at the High School spent part of vacation week visiting other schools. The principal, Miss Howell, visited Philadelphia; Miss Mary Maxwell, New York; Miss Ruth Rhodes, Philadelphia; Mrs. I. R. McCrone, Baltimore; Miss Elsie Jones, Wilmington, and Miss Elizabeth Hall, Atlantic City.

CECILTON

Measles are among the children of this town and vicinity.

James Hall, of Wilmington, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Mamie Jones spent over Sunday with her parents, T. P. Jones and wife.

Mrs. James and Harry Manlove, of Laurel, spent the past week with relatives near town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith and children, of Masseys, spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Miss Lillie Pierce has returned from visiting relatives in Philadelphia and Wilmington.

Miss Mary Anderson, of Still Pond, spent a few days with her parents, Robert Anderson and wife.

H. J. Pollard, optician, will be at the Middletown Hotel, Saturday, May 12th, from 2 to 9:30 P. M.

Mrs. R. M. Black and daughter Margaret have been spending the past week with her parents in Baltimore.

Mrs. James Colvin and sons Fred and Jim Colvin, of Philadelphia, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor.

Mrs. J. E. Jarrell and daughter Daisy, of Viola, have returned home after spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. S. Hoover.

Davis Taylor and friend, Miss Palmer, of Philadelphia, have been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor.

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AN ELOPEMENT BY DEPUTY

When a chap has been an official for seven years in an out-of-the-way town in Cuba, there is nothing like New York for bringing him in touch with the world again, and I hadn't been more than an hour in town before I came across my old chum, Jim Harcourt.

I carried him off to dine with me at the Sword and Scabbard Club, and it was in the course of that same dinner that I consented to the elopement by deputy.

It was like this: Jim had made all the arrangements and was determined to marry Miss Alice Barton in spite of opposition from the relations on both sides of the house.

As far as I could make out, the sole objection brought forward by the lady's father was the fact that Jim had not already made a fortune at the bar.

I forgot the exact figure at which old Barton set his consent to the match, but anyway it was sufficiently high to prevent the lovers marrying for a good ten years at least.

After trying in vain to induce the old boy to relent, they determined to make a runaway match of it. The arrangements were simple enough. The ceremony was to be performed at a quiet city church, and as there seemed some difficulty about trains, it was determined that I should go down to Brightsands the day before the wedding and drive Miss Barton up to town in the motor next morning.

Jim had arranged to do this himself, but as luck would have it, a case in which he was retained was down on the court list for the very hour when he had intended to meet Miss Barton.

That is how I came to be employed as his deputy, and though I had never seen Miss Barton, Jim undertook to give me such an elaborate description of the lady as would make a mistake impossible.

He did give me a description certainly, but unfortunately it was so garnished with superlatives that the most I could gather from it was that Miss Barton was the loveliest blonde that had ever walked this earth, and that she invariably dressed in gray and wore a posy of red roses in her belt.

You can't make a mistake, old man, he assured me. She will be walking on the old stone pier at five o'clock in the afternoon, and you must contrive to give her this note, telling her to meet you at the Ivy Inn on the Ocean road next morning at nine o'clock.

That will give you plenty of time to spin up to town in the motor by twelve thirty," said Jim confidently. I will meet you at the church, and then we can all go and have some lunch, and after—

But supposing the irate parent should elect to accompany Miss Barton in her walk on the stone pier, how then?

My dear chap, he most probably will be with her; he seldom lets Alice out of his sight, but you can easily contrive to slip the note into her hand while the old boy has his eyes glued to his beloved telescope. Besides, of course Alice will be on the lookout for you, so it's bound to be all right.

Hope so, said I, though I confess to feeling a bit nervous about eloping with someone else's young woman.

Never mind, old chap—I'll do the same for you some day, laughed Jim Harcourt; but as I took my seat in the motor I made a mental resolution that if I ever did elope with a lady I would be my own deputy.

I reached Brightsands some where about three o'clock in the afternoon, and after an excellent luncheon, strrolled down to the old stone pier, where I was to meet Miss Barton.

It turned out to be a more frequent spot than I had imagined and to my consternation there were several ladies dressed in gray, though none with a bunch of red roses in her belt.

They all at once I caught sight of her, leaning over the iron railing, gazing into the water, while a stout old gentleman with a fierce bristling mustache swept the horizon through a big telescope.

At first I could only catch a glimpse of a rounded cheek and small ear, till suddenly the girl raised her head, and for the life of me I could hardly suppress an exclamation of surprise.

No wonder Jim Harcourt's description of his sweetheart had been so full of superlatives.

Miss Alice Barton was, I de

cided, quite the loveliest woman I had ever seen in my life. Waving masses of brown hair shaded a pair of lovely brown eyes, that in their turn were eclipsed by the perfect beauty of the mouth and chin.

True, the expression of the eyes was a trifle sad, but they lighted up with a quick flash as her father turned suddenly and said in irritable accents:

You heard from that rascal Jim again this morning?

I heard from no one who could possibly be described by such a word, answered the girl coolly.

Nonsense! What is the use of beating about the bush? I saw the letter, and recognized Jim's handwriting, and after having forbidden you to hold any further communication with him till he has come to his senses you make a point of—

Doing precisely what I warned you I should do, namely, use my own judgement in the matter, said the girl.

Do you mean that you intend to defy me and encourage—

You forget, father, interrupted his daughter coldly, that this is hardly a place in which to discuss our private affairs.

Do you think I care a hang for a crowd of confounded tourists? said the old man fiercely. I will discuss this matter when and where I please, and thought you may not choose to listen—

That is precisely what I do not choose to do, at any rate not here, said the girl, rising to her feet and moving slowly down the pier.

The old man was just about to follow her, when he was accosted by one of the tourists with the request for the loan of a match.

I did not wait to see the expression of disgust on the old boy's face as the man produced an evil-smelling pipe, but hurried on to overtake Miss Barton and make the most of my opportunity.

She had turned at the sound of my footsteps, and it was plain that her calmness was more assumed than real, judging by the trembling of the hands that held the roses. One of them fell to the ground at my feet, and it was when I was in the act of restoring it to her that I managed to slip the note into her hand.

From Jim, I said hurriedly, but found no time to add anything else as I met her father's questioning stare.

I caught a muddled, What does the fellow mean by his impertinence? and the girl's low-voiced explanation, before I walked quickly away in the opposite direction.

I had fulfilled my part of the compact so far, and was free to indulge in any dissipation afforded by the extremely dull little watering-place of Brightsands.

These proved to be so meager that I returned at an early hour to my hotel, where I found a short note awaiting me which ran thus:

Will be at the place Jim mentioned near nine o'clock as possible.

The note had been scribbled very hurriedly in pencil, and the initials were quite undecipherable; but in spite of haste the handwriting was a pretty one, and therefore in harmony with the rest of the delightful personality of Jim Harcourt's promised wife.

It was indeed a case of "lucky Jim," I decided, as I fell asleep, to dream that I had ousted him in the lady's affections an hour before his marriage and had ridden off in the motor the bride from the church door.

* * * * *

This comes of a deputy elopement, I decided, as I opened my eyes next morning and realized that I had barely an hour in which to dress and drive to the rendezvous at the Ivy Inn.

Fortunately I managed to get there about ten minutes before Miss Barton's carriage came lumbering up the hill.

At sight of the dainty figure in gray alighting from the ramshead old vehicle I renounced on the spot all my preconceived ideas as to the general unbecomingness of a motor kit for women.

When the cabman had transferred a bonnet box from his cab to the motor, Miss Barton announced, with a charming smile, that she was quite ready to start.

Luggage? Oh yes, Mr. Stratford, that is all, thanks. It contains a bouquet of roses, without which I couldn't think of allowing Jim's wife to be married at all! she added with a happy laugh.

As we spun along the old coach road between Brightsands and New York I tried several topics

of conversation that should be agreeable and not boring to my companion, and finally settled down to the subject of Jim—a theme to which Miss Barton seemed able to supply no end of variations.

I am very fond of Jim Harcourt of course; he and I were chums at college, but I confess I grew a little tired of hearing of his many perfections. The Jim Harcourt I knew was a very decent chap all round, but the Jim Harcourt whose acquaintance I made during that memorable drive from Brightsands to New York was a quaint mixture of saint and hero, such as no mortal man ever was except in the eyes of the woman who loved him.

It was Jim right enough, and as I caught sight of his radiant face I steeled myself to witness the meeting between him and his bride.

My dearest girl, he said, I'm delighted to see you! But how on earth did you get here? The express from Brightsands doesn't get in till 12.45, and it's just past noon, now—

But I didn't come by train; I came with Mr. Stratford, in the motor, as you arranged, Jim dear.

Yes, I brought Miss Barton up all right, old man, said I.

But what on earth have you done with her? exclaimed Jim Harcourt.

Done with whom? I questioned, gazing at him in puzzlement.

Why, Miss Barton, of course, said Harcourt, impatiently.

I glanced at the dainty lady with the roses. But surely this is Miss Barton, I was beginning, when I was interrupted vehemently by Jim.

Nonsense! This is my sister Elsie. You've simply muddled the whole affair, old chap, and—

Then he stopped as the sound of wheels resounded once more through the quiet square, as the second handsome drew up at the church porch, and Jim dashed forward to assist a demure little girl to alight.

She had dark eyes and was dressed in gray, but there all resemblance between the two women ended.

Jim's fiancee was a pretty enough little girl in her way, but she simply wasn't in it with Jim's sister, and her voice as she explained the cause of her arrival was as different from the velvet softness of Elsie's tones as light from darkness.

I waited all yesterday afternoon for Mr. Stratford, she said suddenly, but neither he nor the motor turned up. I knew you had fixed 12.30 for the wedding, and I thought I might just do it if I caught the early express; but I didn't see how I was to manage, because father always goes down to the station at that time to get my paper.

However, as luck would have it, old Colonel Marchant turned up for a game of golf before lunch, so father commissioned me to get his paper.

I tore down to the station just in time to catch the up train, and—here I am!

The luncheon after the ceremony was a very merry one, and when we had seen the happy pair off to Newport, Elsie turned to me.

I'm afraid we shall have to hurry a little to catch the Brightsands train, said she.

Need we catch it? It's a slow one, and I could drive you down in about half the time in the motor I pleaded.

Then we turned down a side street and came suddenly into the echoing silence of a city square, in the corner of which stood the gray old church where Jim Harcourt's wedding was to take place. We were five minutes before our time, so Jim Harcourt was not there to meet us, a fact which somehow gave me an amount of satisfaction quite out of proportion to its apparent cause.

I do hope my roses are quite fresh, she said, unlocking the bonnet box, and taking therefrom a huge posy of crimson roses. Jim loves red roses, she added, burying her pretty face in the scented petals as she seated herself on a stone bench in the porch of the gray old church.

So I did, and having found her—Well? murmured Elsie.

I should not think so! exclaimed energetically. But you see it was this way. Jim practically told me to look out for the loveliest woman I had ever seen eyes on.

So I did, and having found her—Well? murmured Elsie.

Oh well, I have resolved to do my best to keep her! said I, boldly. I kept my word, and we were married within the year, our wedding being the occasion of a general reconciliation all round.

I found old Harcourt to be a very decent old boy in the main. He thinks the story of the elopement by deputy rather a good joke, and both Elsie and I agree with him.

The beautiful eyes glanced up from the posy in her hand to my face and then back again to the flowers, while a lovely blush crept from chin to brow, and I cursed myself for a fool that my eyes had betrayed the secret I should have kept at all costs.

There was no help for it. I had fallen in love with the woman who in an hour would be my friend's wife. That in itself was bad enough, but if I had let her guess—

My self-reproaches were then brought to a sudden stop by the touch of a warm little hand.

The rose is yours, she said, placing a dewy blossom in my outstretched palm.

I did not attempt to thank her, but as she fixed the flower in my buttonhole with swift, deft fingers, I confess to having felt a mad desire to take her in my arms, carry her to the motor, and forge full speed ahead, regardless of police regulations or of

allowing Jim's wife to be married at all! she added with a happy laugh.

As we spun along the old coach road between Brightsands and New York I tried several topics

of conversation that should be agreeable and not boring to my companion, and finally settled down to the subject of Jim—a theme to which Miss Barton seemed able to supply no end of variations.

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She had dark eyes and was dressed in gray, but there all resemblance between the two women ended.

Jim's fiancee was a pretty enough little girl in her way, but she simply wasn't in it with Jim's sister, and her voice as she explained the cause of her arrival was as different from the velvet softness of Elsie's tones as light from darkness.

I waited all yesterday afternoon for Mr. Stratford, she said suddenly, but neither he nor the motor turned up. I knew you had fixed 12.30 for the wedding, and I thought I might just do it if I caught the early express; but I didn't see how I was to manage, because father always goes down to the station at that time to get my paper.

However, as luck would have it, old Colonel Marchant turned up for a game of golf before lunch, so father commissioned me to get his paper.

I tore down to the station just in time to catch the up train, and—here I am!

The luncheon after the ceremony was a very merry one, and when we had seen the happy pair off to Newport, Elsie turned to me.

That is precisely what I do not choose to do, at any rate not here, said the girl, rising to her feet and moving slowly down the pier.

Oh, I don't know—such things have been done, you know, and there are lots of women—

But only one Miss Alice Barton, said I with a sigh.

Something very like a frown passed across my companion's lovely face as she glanced searchingly at me, before he said softly:

I am very glad you like Jim's future wife, because you and he have always been such friends.

But only one Miss Alice Barton, said I with a sigh.

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